

***Oswald de Andrade
Anthropophagic Manifest
1928***

*Only anthropophagy unites us. Socially. Economically.
Philosophically.*

*The unique law of the world. Masked expression of
all individualisms, of all collectivisms. Of all religions. Of all
peace treaties.*

Tupi, or not Tupi that is the question.

*Against all catechizations. And against the mother of
the Gracchi.*

*I am only interested in what is not mine. Law of human.
Law of the anthropophagus.*

We are tired of all the suspicious Catholic husbands put in drama. Freud finished off the woman-enigma and other dreads of printed psychology.

What trampled over truth was the cloth, the impermeable between the inner and the outer world. Reaction against the dressed human. American movie will inform.

Children of the sun, mother of the living. Fiercely met and loved, with all the hypocrisy of nostalgia, by immigrated, slaves and tourists. In the country of the big snake.*

That is because we never had grammars or collections of old vegetable. And we never knew what was urban, suburban, frontier and continental. Lazy people on the world map of Brazil.

A participating consciousness, a religious rhythmic.

Against all importers of canned consciousness. The palpable existence of life. And the study of pre-logical mentality left to Mr. Levy-Bruhl study.

We want the Carahiba revolution. Bigger than the French Revolution. The unification of all effective revolts toward human. Without us, Europe would not even have its poor human rights declaration.

The golden age announced by America. The golden age. And all the girls.[2]

Filiation. The contact with Carahiban Brazil. Oú Villegaignon print terre. Montaigne. The natural human. Rousseau. From the French Revolution to Romanticism, to the Bolshevik Revolution, to the Surrealist Revolution and to the Keyserling's technicized barbarian. We walk on.

We were never catechized. We live through a somnambular Law. We made Christ born in Bahia. Or in Belém do Pará.

But we never admitted the birth of logic among us.

Against Father Vieira. Who made our first loan, for a fee. The illiterate king had told him: put this on paper, but be not too crafty. So the loan was made. Brazilian sugar was taxed. Vieira left the money in Portugal and brought us craftiness.

The spirit refuses to conceive spirit without body. Anthropomorphism. The necessity of an anthropophagic vaccine. For the balance against meridian religions. And exterior inquisitions.

We can only attend to the auracular world.

We had justice as codification of vengeance. Science as codification of Magic. Anthropophagy. The permanent transformation of Taboo into totem.

Against the reversible world and objectified ideas. Deadened ideas. The stop of thought when it is dynamic. The individual victim of the system. Source of classical injustices. Of romantic injustices. And the oblivion of inner conquests.

Scripts. Scripts. Scripts. Scripts. Scripts. Scripts. Scripts.

The Carahiban instinct.

Death and life of hypotheses. From the I-equation as part of the Kosmos to the Kosmos-axiom as part of the self. Subsistence. Knowledge. Anthropophagy.

Against plantlike elites. In communication with the soil.

We were never catechized. We made Carnival instead. The Indian dressed up as senator of the Empire. Pretending to be Pitt. Or featuring in Alencar's operas full of good Portuguese feelings.

We already had communism. We already had the surrealist language. The golden age.

Catiti Catiti.

Imara Notiá.

Notiá Imara.

Ipejú.

Magic and life. We had the roster and the distribution of physical goods, of moral goods, of dignity goods. And we knew how to transpose mystery and death with the aid of some grammatical forms.

I asked a man what Law was. He answered it was the assurance of the exercise of possibility. That man was called Galli Matias. I ate him.

There is no determinism only where there is mystery. But what do we have to do with that?

Against the stories of the human that start at Cape Finisterre. The undated world. The non-rubricated world. Without Napoleon. Without Caesar.

The fixation of progress by means of catalogues and television sets. Only machinery. And blood transfusers.

Against antagonistic sublimations. Brought over in caravels.

*Against the truth of the missionary peoples, defined by the sagacity of an anthropophagous, the Viscount of Cairu:
– It is a lie repeated over and over.*

But who came were not crusaders. There were fugitives from a civilization we are eating up, because we are as strong and as vengeful as the land turtle.

If God is the consciousness of the Uncreated Universe, Guaraci is the mother of the living. Jaci is the mother of plants.

We had no speculation. But we had divination. We had Politics that is the science of distribution. And a planetary-social system.

Migrations. The escape from boring states. Against urban scleroses. Against Conservatories, and speculative boredom.

From William James to Voronoff. The transfiguration of Taboo into totem. Anthropophagy.

The paterfamilias and the creation of the Stork Fable: Actual ignorance of things + lack of imagination + authoritative feeling before the curious progeny. It is necessary to start from a profound atheism in order to arrive at the idea of God. But the Carahiba did not need. Because they had Guaraci.

The created objective reacts like the Fallen Angels. Then Moses divagates. What do we have to do with that?

Before the Portuguese had discovered Brazil, Brazil had discovered happiness.

Against the torch-bearing Indian. The Indian son to Mary, godson to Catherine de Medicis and son-in-law to Don Antonio de Mariz.

Joy is the acid test.

In the matriarchy of Pindorama.

Against Memory as source of the habit. The renewed personal experience.

We are concretists. Ideas take hold, react, burn people in public squares. Let us suppress ideas and other paralyses. For scripts. To believe in signs, to believe in instruments and stars.

Against Goethe, the mother of the Gracchi, and the Court of Don John VI.

Joy is the acid test.

The struggle between what one might call Uncreated and the Creature – illustrated by the permanent contradiction of human and his Taboo. The quotidian love and the capitalist modus vivendi. Anthropophagy. Absorption of the sacred enemy. To transform him into totem. The human adventure. The earthly finality. However, only pure elites managed to realize carnal anthropophagy, which carries in itself the highest meaning of life and avoids all the ills identified by Freud, the ills of catechism. What happens is not a sublimation of sexual instinct. It is the thermometric scale of anthropophagic instinct. Once carnal, it turns elective and creates friendship. If affective, love. If speculative, science. It deviates, it transfers itself. We reach vilification. Low anthropophagy agglomerated into the sins of catechism – envy, usury, calumny, murder. Plague of the so-called cultured and Christianized peoples, it is against it we are acting. Anthropophagi.

Against Anchieta singing the eleven thousand virgins of heaven, in Iracema's land – the patriarch João Ramalho founder of São Paulo.

Our independence was not proclaimed yet. Typical phrase of Don John VI: – Son, put the crown on thy head before some adventurer doeth it! We expelled dynasty. It is necessary to expel the Braganza spirit, the rule and the snuff of Maria da Fonte.

Against the clothed and oppressive social reality, recorded by Freud – reality without complexes, without madness, without prostitutions, and without the penitentiaries of the matriarchy of Pindorama.

OSWALD DE ANDRADE

In Piratininga.

Year 374 of the Swallowing of Bishop Sardinha.

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Based on the English translation by Maria do Carmo Zanini in 2006

* *Tupi is an extinct language, spoken by the Tupinamba people, which was one of the main ethnic groups of Brazilian indigenous people. Scholars believe they first settled in the Amazon rainforest, but 2,900 years ago they started to spread southward and gradually occupied the Atlantic coast.*

Carahiba - From Tupi "Kara 'ib" (wise, clever), is the name of two small trees, Cordia calocephala and C. insignis from the family Boraginaceae tuberous, that produces small yellow flowers and is also known as For Everything.

Catiti – in the Tupi teogonia it is the New Moon, and also the emergence of love.

Catiti Catiti. Imara Notiá. Notiá Imara. Ipejú, in Tupi, could be translated as "New Moon, New Moon! Blow on him remembering about me".

Guaraci or Quaraci (from Tupi kwara'si, "sun") in the Guaraní mythology is the god of the Sun, creator of all living creatures.

Jaci (from Tupi îasy "moon"), is the goddess Moon, protector of the lovers and of reproduction. The goddess is identified with Vishnu and Isis.

Big snake (cobra grande), also known as boiúna, is a fantastic creature from Brazilian folklore.